

*The Chronicle History*

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:  
There is an Ensigne there,  
I do not know how you call him,  
But by *Iesus* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,  
He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;  
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;  
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

*Gower.* how do you call him?

*Flew.* his name is ancient *Pistoll*.

*Gower.* I know him not.

*Enter Ancient Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Do you not know him, here comes the man.

*Pist.* Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour,  
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

*Flew.* I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his hands.

*Pist.* *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,  
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes sickle wheele,  
That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restless  
stone.

*Flew.* By your patience Ancient *Pistoll*,  
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,  
With a muster before her eyes,  
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:  
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,  
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,  
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilitie:  
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone,  
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;  
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of For-  
tune.

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

*Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,  
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be;  
A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,

Let

*of Henry the first.*

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.  
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,  
For packs of petty price:

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voice,  
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,  
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.  
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flew.* Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flew.* Certainly Ancient *Pistoll*,

Tis not a thing to reioyce at,  
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke  
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;  
For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,  
They ought to be kept.

*Pist.* Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.

*Flew.* That is good.

*Pist.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.

*Flew.* That is very well.

*Pist.* I say the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.  
*Exit Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and  
thunder?

*Gower.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?  
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

*Flew.* By *Iesus* he is vtter as prauce words vpon the bridge  
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day;  
But tis all one, what he hath sed to me,  
Looke you, is all one.

*Gower.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue  
That goes to the wars onely to grace himselfe  
At his returne to London:

And such fellowes as he,  
Are perfect in great Commanders names.  
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,  
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

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